

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A CHOICE SELECTION OF INTERESTING ITEMS.

Comments and Criticisms Based Upon the Happenings of the Day—Historical and News Items.

WHAT is needed at Ithaca is a series of academic convictions for manslaughter.

AN interesting and refreshing feature of summer journalism is the appearance in the St. Louis Republic of an able and exhaustive illustrated article treating of the proper method of raising snow blockades on railways.

THE Paris-born families become extinct in three or four generations, in consequence of their feeble fecundity and high rate of mortality, and the average length of life among them is only 25 years and 1 month, as compared with 49 years and 2 months for the rest of France.

WHEN an Illinois woman learned that her husband had lost \$1,500 she did not weep nor grow hysterical. She calmly used the keeper of the game for three times the amount of the loss and got judgment. One husband has parted forever from the privilege of sneering at the financier of the other sex.

PHILADELPHIA is race crazy, and horses of elongated pedigree are being ridden by gentlemen similarly distinguished. It is true that most of the horses tumble down, and most of the gentlemen tumble off, but the sacrifice of a few bones upon the altar of fashion is something at which no Philadelphia worthy the name would pause.

THE craze for old furniture is a stimulant to a questionable industry. In the courts lately a witness gave his opinion that of a "wormhole borer." Inquiry disclosed that he was an expert at his peculiar trade, and made a good living by the skillful way in which he imitated wormholes in oak furniture to give it an antique effect.

THE UNSEEN, O. T., is evidently lacking in the refinements of civilization. Thirty "leading citizens" of that place have been indicted for horse stealing and will probably be sent to the penitentiary unless a mob gets hold of them first. In Chicago leading citizens tap the water mains and steal the city water, and everybody says they are duced shrewd business men.

THE Hanoverian succession to the British throne is now about as secure as ever the prudent Victoria can make it. Three generations of her descendants stand between it and the not well-loved Louise of Hife, who would succeed to the crown were the Hanover stock to become extinct. Looking at the situation from all sides it would really seem that the living Hanovers are very likely to outlast the monarchy itself.

WHEN the Columbia is steaming ten knots an hour her furnaces use up coal at the rate of thirty-five tons a day; at fourteen knots seventy. Governments do not like any better than individuals to pay big coal bills, especially where, as in the case of warships there are no earnings to offset expenses. Those magnificent bursts of speed, like that of the Columbia last year when she struck more than a twenty-two knot gait, are reserved for occasions when cruisers want to get there, or to get away from there.

PEOPLE who think the world is growing worse instead of better should compare the treatment accorded Santo, the assassin of President Carnot, and Ravalliac, who stepped into the carriage of King Henry IV. of France and stabbed him to death. Ravalliac was broken on the wheel with most ingenious deliberation and melted lead was poured into his stomach through an abdominal incision. Santo, on the contrary, was protected from the angry crowd by his victim's official servants and will receive a fair and deliberate trial in open court.

THE first step which a man takes in the direction of his own overthrow is not to do some overt act of evil. A boat that lies on the water's edge does not begin to wreck itself by thrusting itself out abruptly into the current; it begins by lying on the beach and letting the current play with it. If it is chained to the bank, no harm can come to it; mischief begins when it half lies on the beach and half floats on the water. The trouble with people is that they are drifting. They are the chip on the wave instead of the watch-tower on the shore.

WHEN the people of Chicago nor the newspapers of that city will feel that they are honored by the attention of W. C. F. Breckinridge upon Chicago is not a gentleman

community. It might be well, indeed, if some of the latitude allowed in this city were curtailed. But Chicago has never sent to Congress or elected to any other public position a self-confessed, brazen rascal and libertine, and she never will. From that standpoint, at least, Chicago has the right to criticize the conduct of Col. Breckinridge or any other systematic and avowed enemy of female virtue.

MR. CORNELIUS, the Chicago tonorial artist who paused in his work only long enough to kill a man and then calmly resumed shaving the customer in the chair, is entitled to praise for his consideration. Mr. Cornelius evidently felt that his personal quarrels should not be allowed to inconvenience his customers any further than was absolutely necessary. This point will probably have little weight with a jury, but it will appeal to thousands of men who have writhed in half-shaved anguish while the officiating barber has been discussing the horse races, the railroad strike, or other topics of interest with the artist at the next chair.

MOST people will be puzzled to understand the alternate severity and lenity shown by the police of Chicago in dealing with the violators of the law. On Saturday a thief who robbed a man of a diamond at the Union Depot was captured, but allowed to go free upon giving up the gem. That is one extreme. On the other hand the guardians of the peace will promptly haul out their revolvers and blaze away at any man they see running—the idea being that the runner is a malefactor who is seeking safety in flight. There should be some uniformity in these matters. If the police are to combine the functions of judge, jury, and executioner they ought to treat everyone alike. They should either shoot all their prisoners or turn them all loose. The existing system is confusion and unjust.

DR. S. WEBB MITCHELL, the famous expert in cases of insanity and nervous diseases, delivered an address in Philadelphia before the American Medico-Psychological Society, in the course of which he severely denounced the administration of insane asylums in this country. As the result of his observations he finds that physicians and nurses get their appointments by political pulls; that asylums are prisons, and not hospitals; that they are not provided with modern appliances; that nurses are not properly educated and examined, and that "if the object of the insane asylum is to restore the patient to sanity and usefulness in society the present methods of procedure are deserving of nothing but denunciation." No man has a clearer authority to pronounce upon this matter than Dr. Mitchell. That he is correct in his observations has been demonstrated over and over again by exposures of insane asylum methods where they have attracted official attention.

THE investigation of the recent murder of a person at Cornell College by atrocious students who used chlorine gas as a agency of their exuberant spirits has come to nothing through lack of testimony or, rather, through abundance of perjured testimony. The Justice of the Supreme Court who presided in the case gave it as his conviction that "there was a deliberate plan on the part of some unknown parties to thwart justice and that there was no question in his mind that witnesses had deliberately violated their oaths before the grand jury." In the face of this disgraceful and shameful perjury to cover up murder it is astonishing to see that the President of the College at a recent banquet declared that "in all universities, in human nature itself, and even among the brute creation there is a tendency to worry the new comers in a spirit of fun." It is hard to decide which is the most disgraceful feature in this case, the deliberateness with which the students violated their oaths or the levity and unconcern with which the President of this university treats the crime of murder.

All in the British Empire. Roughly speaking the British Empire extends over one continent, 100 peninsulas, 100 promontories, 1,000 lakes, 2,000 rivers, and 10,000 islands. The Assyrian Empire was not so wealthy, the Roman Empire was not so popular; the Persian Empire was not so extensive, the Spanish Empire was not so powerful, in the way the Briton sings.—Toronto Mail.

The Kiss. In England, down to the reign of Charles II, or a little later, the kiss was the common greeting to friends and strangers alike, and shaking hands was a mark of close intimacy or high favor. In the diary of Anne, Countess of Pembroke, her ladyship thinks the fact of her shaking hands with any one worth noting.

A MAN stops hoping to be rewarded as he grows older, and prays that he will not be punished.

THE FAREWELL.

Not going abroad? What, tomorrow? And to stay, goodness knows for how long? Really, Jack, I would suppose that any sorrow had done even you, sir, a wrong.

It has? Ha, ha, ha, what a joke, sir! Is it Mabel, or Jenny, or Nell? I'm sure you are wrong; hold my clock, sir. Am I not an old friend? Come now, tell.

The prince of our sex, broken-hearted? What a joke! Who says of you? Speak! Did you look like that, Jack, when you parted? Was that paler of death on your cheek?

You interest me. Tell me about it. And let your old chum, sir, console. Read him in the heart, I don't doubt it. You were made for that sort of a role.

Did you bend on your knee like an actor. Hardly knowing just what you were to begin? Was your mamma's consent the main factor? What a fool the poor girl must have been!

Who was she? What!—I. You were jealous? O, Jack, would have thought such a thing? You've been certainly not over-zealous. But, alas me, and where is the ring?—Harford Chat.

HOW BEN SAVED NO. 60

WANTED—Bright boy to deliver messages and take care of office, small wages, but privilege of learning telegraphy is desired. Apply in person on Saturday to Mrs. Harkness, Manager W. U. Tel. Co., Kennelsville.

Such was the advertisement which appeared in the local columns of the Kennelsville Weekly Intelligence, and greeted the quick eye of Bennie Grant as he read his mother's copy of the paper on his way home from the postoffice.

"I don't know whether I'm a bright boy or not," he said to himself. "But it strikes me that I can deliver messages in Kennelsville for small wages pretty nearly as well as anyone."

He thought the matter over very carefully. Vacation had just begun, and the idea had just begun to dawn upon him that it was high time he began to do something to aid his mother in her brave struggle to provide for her little family. Bennie was only 14, but there were two sisters younger than he, and one sturdy little 6-year-old brother. Five years before, when the sturdy little 6-year-old was but a mite of a baby, Richard Grant, Bennie's father, suddenly disappeared. There were no suspicions of foul play, and there was no mystery about it at all. Clever, hard-working, genial "Dick" Grant had fallen into evil ways. From a good husband and father, who provided plentifully for his family, from a man whom every one respected, he



HE READ THE PAPER ON THE WAY HOME.

had sunk, through the influences of bad companions, to the level of the worst of them. Those were hard times for Mrs. Grant, but she loved her husband, and even when the days seemed darkest, she always had faith that some time he would be made to see the error of his ways and be himself again.

Then came the burglary of the local bank. There was always a doubt whether Richard Grant really took part in the robbery or not, but that he was in some way implicated in it was reasonably certain. Anyway, he disappeared, and nothing had since been heard of him. No particular effort was ever made by the police to follow him up as the other burglars were captured with most of the stolen money, and they denied that Grant was in any way implicated. When Bennie entered Mrs. Grant had just finished arranging the table for the simple evening meal, with the little high chair close beside her own. Bennie's place at the end and the chairs of the two sisters on the other side of the table. There was one place, with the arm chair, always left vacant, as if the father might come back at any moment. Bennie came into the house rather more silently and slowly than usual. The thought of actually beginning the struggle of life in earnest gave him a peculiar feeling of dignity. He kissed his mother, but did not say a word. He put the paper down upon the table and silently pointed to the advertisement. Mrs. Grant set the plate to bread down carefully to balance the butter plate on the other end of the table, drew her glasses from above her forehead, and with her arm round about her boy read the notice. She pressed a kiss on the top of the curly little head, while a proud look came into her eyes.

"Would you like to try it, Bennie, boy?" she asked.

"Honestly, mother, I would," he replied eagerly. "It's vacation time now, anyway, and I've always thought that I would like to learn to telegraph. I might as well be doing that and earning something as fooling the whole town over way."

"God bless you, my little man," said the mother, fondly, and so it was settled.

There wasn't any particular reason why Bennie should have risen the next morning at half-past 4, for the notice in the paper said distinctly "after 5 a. m." But he did. Perhaps you may have been stimulated to early rising by some such important event yourself some time. It was a rather excited little boy that bade his mother good-bye an hour previous to "5 a. m." on Saturday, and that hour of waiting until it should be time to present himself was the longest one in Bennie's history. He felt rather nervous, also, as he thought of facing Mrs. Harkness, whom he had always looked upon as a very mysterious lady, holding, as she seemed to, the lightning in her grasp. He walked by the door several times before he mustered up courage to go in, after the hands of the town clock pointed to 8:30, and



IT WAS EXCITING WORK.

when he did he found six other lads about his own age waiting to interview the lady manager.

One by one they were called into the mysterious office behind the rail and talked to. Bennie's turn came last of all. Whether Mrs. Harkness was pleased by his manner, or whether it was because he came last and the others had tired her out, Bennie never knew. But after a very few questions he was engaged at a weekly salary of \$2.50 and the privilege of learning telegraphy during odd moments. Never was a messenger more faithful. Never was there a more marked exception to the proverbial slowness of the class, and never was there a student of the art more apt than the youth that this little tale is all about.

The "learning telegraphy" part of Mrs. Harkness's bargain had been found by former messengers to be more or less of a delusion and a snare, but for once at least she took an actual interest in a "student." In less than two months, under her careful guidance, Bennie had transmitted his first message, and it wasn't long after that, being left alone for a time in the office, that he answered the repeated calls of "Kn," and actually received a message all alone, "breaking" only three times. It was exciting work, though. From that time his progress was rapid. Mrs. Harkness found that she was able to go away quite frequently for several hours and leave Bennie in sole charge, and he obtained quite a reputation up and down the line as the youngest operator on the circuit. It is easy to believe that Mrs. Grant was proud of her son. But when school opened again in the autumn it took a long time for Bennie to convince her that it was much better for him to keep on contributing to the support of the family his family he had come to call it, and rather his education in actual service, than it was to waste time over books. He finally did convince her, however, much to the delight of Mrs. Harkness.

One afternoon while Bennie—they called him "Ben" on the wire—was finishing up the regular evening's list of messages, Mrs. Harkness, who was working on another wire, came over to his table and laid this message before him:

Dispatcher's Office, Rochesport, 6 P. M. Mrs. Harkness, Mrs. "Kn."

A number of our regular operators are sick and my regular men are all on duty. I need a man at Folville to-night. Can you "do" it? If so, wire me quick and send him up on train No. 11. This message will pass him.

A. R. LANE, Dispatcher, C. & L. R. R.

"Do you suppose that I can do it?" queried Bennie, anxiously.

"Why, of course you can, dear," answered Mrs. Harkness, smiling proudly upon her clever pupil.

"But I never was in a railroad telegraph office in my life."

"No matter. Keep your wits about you and you won't have any trouble. No. 11 is due at 8:20. You have thirty minutes. Now go to your home and have your mother put you up a good lunch. Good night and good luck to you," and Mrs. Harkness turned to her work again. So the dispatcher received a message which relieved him considerably and Bennie sped on his way.

It was after 9 when he stepped from No. 11 upon the platform at Folville. The old station agent breathed a sigh of relief when Bennie handed him the dispatcher's message, though he looked rather askance at the diminutive figure of our young friend.

"My night man has been sick a week," he said, "and I've worked night and day for forty-eight hours now. I couldn't keep awake another twelve hours if trains all had to stop running."

"Can I handle the work all right, do you think?" queried anxious "Ben."

"Oh, yes, I guess so. It's almost all plain telegraphing. You may have to hold No. 60. If you do, here are the torpedoes and the red lanterns" and with a few simple directions the weary agent went away to bed. In spite of everything, however, Bennie was most horribly nervous and anxious. Folville station was a lonely place. The village was several miles away, there were no dwellings within a half mile and, altogether it was anything but a cheerful place in which to spend the night.

Bennie tried to interest himself in the time-tables and in listening to the routine work on the wire, which was all new and novel to him. No. 60, he learned, was the limited express, which was scheduled to pass at 1:30 without stopping. No. 1, a through freight, was carried to meet No. 60 one station further down the line. There was the possibility that No. 60 might be late enough so that the freight could make Folville the meeting point.

He transmitted several messages left by the agent and received several of the usual style of long, verbiage rail road messages in good shape. Occasionally a freight train would rattle by, but none stopped, and he was beginning to think the duties of a night railroad telegraph operator a "snag" as he expressed it to himself, when he was somewhat startled to receive this order:

Dispatcher's Office, 1:25 A. M. Operator Folville, Hold No. 60 until No. 13 arrives. 12 A. R. L.

Bennie repeated the order to the dispatcher, prefixed by the numeral "13," which means, or rather used to mean, "I understand it," which is the response to "13." "Repeat how you understand."

He had been noticing by the reports on the wire that No. 60 had lost time ever since it left Rochesport, and though 13 was also very late the dispatcher evidently deemed it possible for the freight to make Folville without delaying the limited a great deal.

"Hun to Folville regardless of No. 60," was the order he heard given to No. 1, at a station some distance up the line.

For the first time the sense of his great responsibility came over him with full force, and the thought of what might happen if he should be negligent filled his mind with terror. The night had come on dark, wet, and dismal. A drizzling rain fell drearily and incessantly, and the switch lights by the side of the track shone blurred and dimly through the mist, throwing a faint reflection upon the wet rails. It was a sort of night which every old railroad man hates cordially. It was before the day of automatic semaphore signals, and Bennie was just getting ready to start down the track with his red lantern and his torp does when a slight noise caused him to turn around suddenly, and he was startled

to discover two men standing quietly in the office. Their appearance was not reassuring. Both wore heavy beards, evidently false, long overcoats and slouch hats, and they were drenched by the rain. For several minutes Bennie could not speak. Then he asked the men in as steady a voice as he could command, what they wanted.

"Will you kindly tell us what orders you have for the limited to-night?" queried one of the men.

Bennie pointed silently to the order book. Both men bent eagerly forward to read it.

"Well, if that ain't great, exclaimed one of them, slapping the other on the back. "Just the thing. It'll save us a heap of trouble."

"Where is 60 now, my young friend?" asked the man who had spoken first.

"At Millport," answered Bennie.

"And 13?"

"At Aubery."

"That's good, Jim. They'll meet on one of those curves west of the station. I guess we're relieved of considerable responsibility. All we have to do is just to sit down and wait."

"That's right. Sit down, young feller."

"But I must go and be ready to flag No. 60."

"Oh, never mind 60. She'll get along all right. No. 13'll stop her."

"But don't you see I'm responsible?" cried Bennie, almost frantically, as he tried to push by the men and was thrown violently back.

"Well, now, I don't know about that," remarked one of the men who seemed to be the leader in the doubtful enterprise, as he took a chair and tipped it back directly in the door which led from the office into the waiting-room. The other man stole around and leaned pensively against the door leading into the baggage-room, the only other exit. "I don't know about that. Now, if you should happen to be stricken down

by heart disease, or suddenly fall and hurt the back of your head severely, you wouldn't see that you were mortally responsible, would you?"

Bennie made no reply.

"Of course you wouldn't—of course you wouldn't and in case you don't sit right down on that chair and keep perfectly still something very much resembling in general effect what I've just hinted at will happen to you."

Bennie sank back aghast. The whole scheme flashed through his mind in a moment. These men had contemplated wrecking the express for plunder; but if the holding order was not carried out the same effect would be secured and he would be responsible. No. 60 and No. 13 would probably meet just beyond the curve, and the thought of the terrible collision which must ensue made him sick with horror. What could he do to save the train? Involuntarily his hand stole towards the telegraph key upon the table.

"I would much prefer that you refrain from manipulating the instruments," remarked the man in the doorway in his extremely polite but meaning way.

"Else he may get an attack of that 'ere heart disease you spoke about—eh, pard?" added the man in the baggage room door.

"Poor Ben was almost wild, but the men in the doorways sat smoking calmly.

"I'm sorry for you, young man," said the waiting-room man, with a trace of genuine pity in his voice; "honestly I am, but don't you see it isn't your fault. You won't be blamed at all. We'll take all of the blame—won't we, James?"

"Well, I rather guess so, and considerable of something else, too, if that express car has got the stuff we're lookin' for in her."

"Well said, James, well said. But upon my soul, young man, I'm sorry for you."

"You'd better be sorry for yourselves and what you've got to answer for," cried Ben, frantic with the horror of the moment, "and while you're about it you might be sorry for the husbands and wives and children and mothers you're going to murder for a little money—but may be you don't call it murder."

"Why, no, we don't that's so," said the imperturbable man in the doorway. "Bless me, if you didn't look and talk then just about as my wife used to when she was trying to explain to me how bad I was. It won't be murder, my boy, it won't be murder. Let me see, it will be an accident caused by the unavoidable negligence of a telegraph operator, who was prevented from performing his duty by an unforeseen engagement which it was impossible for him to break—not being strong enough. Don't that draw it milder for you, my son?"

To this heartless Ben could not reply. He heard No. 60 reported as leaving the next station below, and No. 12 had left Millport some minutes before.

In ten minutes they must certainly come together. He must make one more appeal.

"Think of how tough it'll be for me," he said with pathetic eagerness. "They'll say that I was asleep, and that it's all you could expect from a son of Dick Grant. I'll just break my mother's heart, that's what it will."

Bennie buried his head in his arms and fairly writhed in agony, otherwise he might have seen the sudden start which the robber in the doorway gave.

"I guess, Jim, you'd better be getting up towards the curve. I'll take care of this boy, and be with you when it's time," was what the man in the doorway said. The other man hurried away without a word.

Hardly had he disappeared in the darkness when Bennie beheld a strange change in the man who remained.

He leaned excitedly forward and gazed long and intently into the lad's face. Then suddenly he clasped him close in his arms for a single moment, and putting his lips close down to Bennie's ear he said huskily:

"There won't be any murder done to-night, boy. You tell your mother that Dick Grant has been had, pretty bad, but he's never been quite so tough as that yet and he never will be. And you tell her that sometime when he's made right as much of the wrong he's done as he can he'll come back and help her to be proud of their boy. Now, you get out and flag that train. You've got just time enough."

In another moment he, too, had disappeared in the darkness.

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